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PROFESSOR CLIFFORD ON THE SOUL IN NATURE.

NO one can read Clifford's Lectures and Essays, without feeling that, if their author is less known and valued as an original thinker than as a master of mathematical analysis, it is only because having turned the force of his genius onto mathematics first he had time to complete some work in that direction, whereas his premature death in 1879 only allowed him to give us an earnest of the philosophical work which he had it in him to perform.

The short biography which Prof. F. Pollock contributed to the first edition of his lectures and essays gives an interesting sketch of the phases of opinion through which Clifford passed. It appears that before he took his degree in 1867 and for a little time after he was a high churchman ; but, says Pollock, "there was an intellectual and speculative activity about his belief which made it impossible that he should remain permanently at that stage." "He never slackened in the pursuit of scientific knowledge and ideas," and conscious of a hiatus between orthodox views and some of the results of science he yet held that religious beliefs are outside the region of scientific proof and that there is a special theological faculty or insight, analogous to the scientific, poetic, and artistic faculties, the persons in whom this genius is exceptionally developed being the founders of new religions and religious orders. This is not unlike the solution of religious doubts which Hume playfully suggested and which John Henry Newman has seriously adopted, namely that "divinity, or theology, has a foundation in *reason* so far as it is sup-

ported by experience. But its best and most solid foundation is *faith* and divine revelation." "When or how," continues his biographer, "Clifford first came to a clear perception that this position of quasi-scientific Catholicism was untenable I do not exactly know; but I know that the discovery cost him an intellectual and moral struggle, of which traces may be found here and there in his essays. Most readers of these essays would consider that Clifford is very unfair to the Christian beliefs which he had abandoned and beyond doubt he felt a certain grudge against them for having so long duped him."* The theories of Mr. Darwin and Herbert Spencer took the place in Clifford's mind of the old fashioned creed; Natural selection was to unriddle the universe, to yield a new system of ethics and education. We read that Clifford had an extraordinary power of taking up a theory provisionally, of throwing himself into it, accepting it, applying it, and of rejecting it in case it was not satisfactory; and this may account perhaps for his somewhat dogmatic assertion in many cases of crude views. There is one characteristic of Clifford however which all may emulate, and that is the candor and fearlessness of his thinking and speaking. Let me quote a few words from one of the best and most stirring of these essays:

"If I let myself believe anything on insufficient evidence, there may be no great harm done by the mere belief; it may be true after all, or I may never have occasion to exhibit it in outward acts. But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards man, that I make myself credulous. The danger to society is not merely that it should believe wrong things, though that is great enough; but that it should become credulous, and lose the habit of testing things and inquiring into them; for then it must sink back into savagery. . . . If a man, holding a belief which he was taught in childhood or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind, purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question or discuss it, and regards as impious those questions which cannot easily be asked without disturbing it—the life of that man is one long sin against mankind."

* On the whole, however, it is probable that in dealing such hard blows as he did at priests and dogmas he was actuated by sheer love of truth, and those who knew him best assure us that he was entirely free from bitterness and from the vanity which sets some people upon beating their grandmother in public by way of showing that they are grown up in their opinions.

The essay on the nature of things in themselves marks the furthest limit at which Clifford's speculation arrived. In it Clifford begins by discarding the ordinary distinction between reality and ideas, eternal object and eternal subject, of feeling and thing. The distinction is really between two orders of feeling ; there is the subjective or inner order, in which sorrow succeeds the hearing of bad news, and the objective or outward in which the feeling of letting go is followed by sight of falling object. It is with the latter order that physical science concerns itself, and all the inferences of natural science are inferences of my real or possible feeling. Since an object is a set of changes *in* my consciousness and not anything out of it, is just my feeling real or possible and therefore part of me, it might seem as if we were shut up in ourselves and excluded from participation in any other reality. So we should be, says Clifford, if we made no other inferences beside those of physical science ; but when I come to the conclusion that *you* are conscious and that you have objects in your consciousness similar to those in mine, I am not inferring any actual or possible feelings of my own, but *your* feelings, which are not and can never be objects in my consciousness. To feelings and consciousness thus inferred to exist in another, Clifford gives the name of *eject*, because in the very act of inference they are *thrown out* of my consciousness, recognised as outside of it, as *not* being a part of me. "The existence of my conception of you in my consciousness carries with it a belief in the existence of you outside of my consciousness. . . . How this inference is justified, how consciousness can testify to the existence of anything outside of itself I do not pretend to say ; I need not untie a knot which the world has cut for me long ago." (Vol. II, p. 73.)

Thus, *objects* in the sense of things presented in *my* consciousness, my phenomena, are not the sole or chief reality ; *ejects* are equally real and my conviction of your existence as a conscious being like myself is coeval and of equal weight with my belief in my own conscious existence. You and your feelings are strictly speaking the only things which are real outside of myself and my consciousness. For though my objects or phenomena are external to my body they are not outside my consciousness, but part and parcel

thereof. Nay, more than this an individual object, i. e. an object which is mine and mine only, never exists at all, according to Clifford, in the mind of man; for with each object as it exists in my mind is bound up the thought of similar objects existing in other men's minds. All the objects in fact of which we are ever conscious are objects of consciousness in general, are in Clifford's phrase social objects. "A fixed habit causes an object as it is found in my mind to be formed as a social object and insensibly embodies in it a reference to the minds of other men." This belief in ejects is moreover the root of all language and all morals:—of language, because any sound which, becoming a sign to my neighbor, becomes thereby a mark to myself, must by the nature of the case be a mark of the social object and not of the individual object: of morals, because the "first great commandment, evolved in the light of day by healthy processes wherever men have lived together, is, 'Put yourself in his place.'"

So far there is nothing to distinguish Clifford's theory from ordinary Idealism, which denies that the universe is real except as a phenomenon or appearance before a Self conscious thereof. The future course of Clifford's argument turns upon two assumptions. One of these, borrowed from the current physiology of the brain, is this: that the changes in my consciousness—ejective facts he calls them—run parallel with the changes in my brain, which are objective facts. The parallelism between them is one of complexity, an analogy of structure. The complex ejective facts are the same sort of complication of simple ejects as the complex motions of the brain are of simple molecular movements. Clifford illustrates the points from the relation of speech to writing, the sentence spoken is the same function of the elementary sounds as the same sentence written is of the corresponding letters. In like manner the complex human mind is the same function of simple feelings as the brain is of primary atoms.

The other assumption is based upon the current doctrine of evolution. Our bodies have been evolved step by step out of inorganic matter, and we have before our eyes a line of organisms connecting man with the simplest atom of matter. In this series there

is no hiatus between one form and another, no breach of morphological continuity, but one species arises by insensible gradation out of its predecessors. Now in the case of organisms of a certain complexity we cannot help inferring consciousness, and as we go back along the line we not only see the complexity of the organism and of its nervous system insensibly diminishing, but for the first part of our course we have reason to think that the complexity of consciousness insensibly diminishes also.* The conclusion is forced upon us that nature is animate from top to bottom and that the humblest atom has an elementary feeling or ejective of its own as simple in comparison with the complex intelligence of man as the atom is itself simple in comparison with his very complex brain. Unless we admit this we are in a dilemma. The ejective facts which we cannot help inferring in the case of all animals must extend further down through vegetables to inorganic phenomena, or else there must be a point at which we could say: here the object begins to have an inner or ejective fact corresponding to it as my mind corresponds to my body. But the series of objective forms presents no sudden break anywhere, not even between animals and vegetables, such as to warrant our supposing that ejective facts extend thus far down in the series and no further.

Clifford is not quite as explicit about the nature of the elementary ejectives, which answer to moving molecules, as we should like him to be. Of one thing however he is quite certain; they are elementary feelings which yet are neither modifications of a consciousness nor yet imply a consciousness in which alone they can exist. Every feeling may be part of a consciousness, but it need not be so. Consciousness is only a derivative and secondary result, following on the arrangement of feeling in a particular way and it is evolved at a very late period in the history of the world. In itself a feeling is an absolute *Ding-an-sich*, whose existence is not relative to anything else. *Sentitur* is all that can be said of it.

Thus strictly speaking it is not *consciousness* which extends throughout the series of objective forms from man down to the mole-

* *Clifford's Essays*, Vol. ii, p, 83.

cule. It is only feeling. Consciousness proper only belongs to the later and higher members of the series. "If we make a jump from man say to the tunicate mollusks, we see no reason there to infer the existence of consciousness at all." Therefore the doctrine of evolution itself forbids us to regard all ejects as being of the *same* substant as mind. They are only of like substance *ὁμοιούσιον* not *ὁμοούσιον*, only quasi-mental* and not in themselves either rational, intelligent, or conscious.†

Besides the evolutionist's reason that it is absurd to attribute consciousness and personality to tunicate mollusks there is another reason drawn from human introspection for asserting elementary feelings to be absolute and unrelated existence. "A feeling, at the instance when it *exists*, exists *an und für sich*, and not as *my* feeling."‡ The self-perception of the ego, the sense that in all my various feelings it is *I* who am conscious, this "unity of apperception" does not exist in the instantaneous consciousness which it unites, but only in subsequent reflection upon it. It consists further in the power of establishing a certain connexion between the memories of any two feelings which we had at the same instant.

There is one other point of extreme importance to be noticed in Clifford's account of the elementary feelings or ejects. They are connected together in their sequence and coexistence by counterparts of the physical laws of matter. Were it not so their correspondence with motions of matter could not be kept up. That they should be thus connected with one another militates at first sight with the characteristic of absoluteness above ascribed to them by Clifford. We must suppose therefore that when Clifford says that their existence is not relative to anything else, he means no more than that they are not ultimately related to a personal consciousness. We must suppose that it is these laws of the sequence and coexistence of elementary feelings which, "when molecules are so combined together as to form the film on the under side of a jelly-fish,

* Vol. ii, p. 61.

† Vol. ii, p. 87.

‡ P. 80.

so combine the elements of mind-stuff which go along with them as to form the faint beginnings of sentience. The same laws combine feelings so as to form some kind of consciousness, when the molecules are so combined as to form the brain and nervous system of a vertebrate" (p. 85).

We are now after these preliminary explanations in a position to appreciate what is the gist and core of Clifford's speculations. It is this, that the reality external to our minds which is represented in our minds as matter is in itself mind-stuff or elementary feelings. The universe consists entirely of mind-stuff. Some of this is woven into the complex form of human minds containing imperfect representations of the mind-stuff outside them and of themselves also, as a mirror reflects its own image in another mirror, *ad infinitum*. Such an imperfect representation is called a material universe. The two chief points therefore of the doctrine as summed up by Clifford himself are :

1) Matter is a mental picture in which mind-stuff is the thing represented.

2) Reason, intelligence, and volition are properties of a complex which is made up of elements themselves not rational, not intelligent, not conscious.

We shall do Clifford an injustice if we interpret the foregoing theory as a dualistic and not as a monistic view, i. e. as a view which postulates two ultimate principles of reality rather than one. Clifford however often speaks as if feeling and matter were two coördinate aspects of reality, irreducible to one another. For example he allows himself to speak of mind-stuff as going along with the material object, of laws connecting the elements of mind-stuff which are only *counterparts* of the physical laws of matter and not those laws themselves. Again he writes (p. 78) as follows: "The distinction between *eject* and *object*, forbids us to regard the *eject*, another man's mind, as coming into the world of objects in any way, or as standing in the relation of cause or effect to any changes in that world." Such language reminds us of Spinoza's doctrine that body alone can determine body to move and only thought determine thought to think, but we must not therefore suppose that for Clifford

as for Spinoza the two rival kingdoms of thought and extended matter are irreconcilably severed or nominally united by the figment of a single substance of which they are attributes. What Clifford means is that the thing *is* a feeling so far as it is anything at all and that, if things coexist or succeed each other according to laws, they only coexist and follow *as* feelings and conformably to laws of feeling. Not only is the elementary feeling a thing itself, but things-in-themselves are elementary feelings.

It is incumbent therefore on us to ask if an elementary feeling is equal to the double burden put upon it by this theory of being the real universe of things and of creating the human intelligence. In answering this question we must be careful to divest feelings beforehand of any characteristics which they only possess as gathered up into the unity of a self, for at the stage in which we are considering reality selves have not yet arisen. It is hard to conceive what is left of feeling after these characteristics have been removed, nor does introspection help us here, for, as Clifford very truly says, the fundamental deliverance of consciousness affirms its own complexity and it seems impossible, as I am at present constituted, to have only one absolutely simple feeling at a time. Elementary feelings however could hardly constitute the cosmos without they follow one another, coexist, and connect themselves together in their groupings according to certain laws, i. e. by some inherent necessity always take up the same attitudes toward each other, and this much Clifford assumes that they do. Yet these assumptions will not bear examination. Let us examine first the postulate that feelings follow in a fixed order; call them *a b c d*, *b* succeeds *a* and precedes *c* and it makes a difference, which comes after or before the other. Now being absolute feelings, not only is *a* past and non-existent before *b* begins to be, so *b* before *c*, but each is in turn the entire reality and there is no consciousness before which they pass in procession. The real would thus fall into disconnected and mutually indifferent moments *a b c d*; and as each of these in turn exhausts reality and is also unconscious of what goes before and after, there would be no real succession at all. In a real succession it makes a difference whether *b* comes before *or* after *a*, but in the case we suppose it

could make no difference. In truth there can be no relation of before and after between two terms except for a self, which takes note of the one disappearing and of the other appearing; and whenever we speak of things following one another we tacitly presuppose a self before whom the procession passes.

It is even more difficult to understand how elementary feelings can be grouped and complicated in a fixed order of coexistence. Mind has not yet emerged, so we must suppose that the grouping takes place in space. In that case one feeling must be right or left, above or below another. The futility of such speculation will come home to anyone who will try to realise how a feeling of smell can be above or below one of taste.

We have next to consider Clifford's account of the genesis out of elementary feelings of personal consciousness. The hypothesis of mind-stuff, we must remember, was framed in order to preserve the same continuity of ejective facts as we see to exist in the case of objective facts, to provide, that is, a gradual development of the human mind out of the simpler feelings of *amœbæ* and even of atoms. It must be denied however that the hypothesis is a success if we retain the usual meanings of the words continuity and development. Properly speaking a thing can only be said to grow or develop when it remains the same with itself all through the process and unfolds therein capacities which were anyhow latent in it to start with. Thus a tadpole develops into a frog, a grub into a butterfly, and the child grows into the man. But in the series of ejects which begins from atoms and after running through *amœba* and ape finally culminates in the human intelligence there is no point of identity, no community between the first and last terms. The eject which is the molecule is denied by Clifford to be either conscious or rational, nor has it even will, like the philosophical factotum of Schopenhauer or Von Hartmann. It is a purely negative conception, the abstract opposite of that mind into which it is to ultimately develop. The hiatus between our intelligence and a thing in itself, which call it feeling, or mind-stuff, or what we will, is merely all that our intelligence is not, is none the less of a hiatus, because it is, with the help of apes and *amœbæ*, spread out thin, so to speak.

It would be better frankly to avow the chasm that exists than to gloss over it with words like evolution and development.

"When a material organism," writes Clifford, "has reached a certain complexity of nervous structure, the complex of ejective facts which goes along with its action reaches that mode of complication which is called consciousness. When a stream of feelings is so compacted together that at each instant it consists of (1) new feelings, (2) fainter repetitions of previous ones, and (3) links connecting these repetitions, the stream is called a consciousness. Consciousness is thus a relative thing, a mode of complication of certain elements, and a property of the complex so produced." If we look into this statement we see that it only amounts to this: that feelings constitute a conscious self when they become the feelings of a conscious self and not before, for except as gathered up in the unity of a self which has memory and remains the same throughout its differences feelings can be neither new nor repeated nor joined by links.

1) That a feeling is new means that I attend to it, contrast it with former ones, and decide that I have not felt it before.

2) That a feeling is a previous feeling now repeated means that I recognise it as having already occurred.

3) If feelings are joined by links of what nature are these links? Clifford does not say that they also are feelings, so presumably they are not; in that case no link is left save a connecting self. But even if the link is a feeling it cannot be less than a feeling of the togetherness of two other feelings, but such a feeling would involve memory of those feelings and memory involves self-hood. It is really, however, an abuse of words to apply the term feeling in such a case. We might with Hume ask of this feeling which links other feelings "Is it a taste, a smell, a sound, an impression of sight or touch?"

Clifford makes a reference to Haeckel's treatise upon "Zellseelen und Seelenzellen."* Haeckel's view is that every protoplasmic cell has a soul of its own and that when a number of these are combined under certain conditions, as in the human brain, they generate as

* *Deutsche Rundschau*, July, 1878.

their resultant the human soul. He helps out his theory by pointing to such phrases as national spirit, a nation's conscience, a people's will. Nothing, he contends, could be more real than these entities, which are yet only resultants of the wills, spirits, and consciences of the separate individuals who compose the nation.

This is an interesting speculation, which it would be a pity to dismiss abruptly merely because it is groundless. No doubt our bodies and brains may be regarded as colonies of protoplasmic units of which each has an independent life of its own, of which each is born, nourishes itself, reproduces itself, and at last breaks up and dies. The colorless cells especially in our blood are such units and have as good a claim to be called individuals as the *amœba* which we find swimming about by itself in any pond. These units are certainly alike and must be allowed to have inner states of their own. It may also be freely conceded that the existence of certain inward states in these cells of which my brain and nerves are composed is the condition of certain states of feeling and emotion arising in me. But all these admissions fail to advance us a step toward Haeckel's conclusion. That any number of atoms of protoplasm have souls and soul-states is not enough *per se* to produce an extra soul which is none of them, yet *like* their souls and possessed of a life of its own. Even if the molecules of my brain were each in possession of a self-consciousness as ample as my own, their mere juxtaposition could not give rise to my self-consciousness. From first to last their soul-states remain theirs, mine remain mine. The reasoning employed by Haeckel involves a fallacy of composition :—because each of a colony of cells *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, has a soul of its own, therefore the colony as a whole has a soul of its own, which is not the soul of any one of them. Nor do the analogies Haeckel invokes help him at all, for the life of a nation does not exist at all except as the lives of the individuals composing that nation, nor do we expect to find any traits in our so-called national spirit which are not ultimately contributed by individuals; Haeckel however would have us believe that the mere composition of the primitive and simple souls of separate *amœbæ* results in a *human* soul with its wealth of intuitions and interests. The utmost we are entitled to say is

that given a certain collocation of cells in the brain there may by an entirely new act of the infinite be generated a human soul. It is only by playing fast and loose with words that we can deduce this new soul from an aggregate of other souls either like or unlike itself.

It is surprising that Clifford should have recognised that the reality underlying so-called matter is akin to mind and yet have identified it rather with the quasi-mental facts of an amœba or of an atom than with the intelligence of man. The argument by which he arrives at this conclusion is as follows: You as a face, a voice, a touch, as an object to my senses in short, are a mere phantasm or appearance in my consciousness, part and parcel of myself and not distinct from me in any way. But I cannot help inferring an eject, to wit feelings and a consciousness like my own, behind the sensible show of your person; and this consciousness of yours which I address as *you*, is the truth of the object or appearance, which I have. *You* are the reality which I really perceive, so far as I perceive anything more than my own feelings. Similarly when I watch an amœba, what I perceive as a somewhat formless mass of protoplasm is really in itself the struggling life within. Lastly what I handle and perceive as a crystal or metal is really the eject. If here we read force or unconscious will instead of eject or mind-stuff, Clifford's view would practically coincide with Schopenhauer's; for force is truly an eject in Clifford's sense, not an object or appearance to me.

Now the human intelligence arises late in the history of things and is altogether a secondary and derivative thing. Consequently the world is not really what it is for my consciousness. My *Weltanschauung* is false in proportion as my mind is complex and derivative. Conversely, the *Weltanschauung* of each being approximates to truth and becomes less and less illusive in proportion as the eject which it in reality is approaches the primitive simplicity of mind-stuff. I am *really* very little of what I am *consciously*. If you want a truer exponent of the truth of things you must go to the amœba or lower still. It, as compared with me, is *consciously* most of what it is *really*. The absolutely simple atom is probably the only being who is quite free from delusions. The conclusion then to which

Clifford conducts us is this : that the universe is not really such as it appears to our intelligence, still less, I presume, such as it would appear to a higher intelligence than ours. It is really such and such only as it would appear to the being whose eject is the lowest rung in the ladder of mind-stuff. Our universe spread out in space and time, with all its splendours and harmonies, is a delusion ; nay, more, the human soul with its æsthetic and moral sensibilities, its fears and aspirations, is the parent delusion which breeds the delusion of a cosmos. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

The loose way in which Clifford used the word feeling, as equivalent to any form of consciousness, blinded him to the fact that a qualified thing as such is not given in feeling at all and led him to suppose that the universe as we know it would continue to stand in the absence of all complex ejects whatever. Mr. Green has shown that all theories of the object which ignore the workmanship of thought manifest therein and identify the *esse* of things with their *percipi* lead straight to nihilism. To such nihilism Clifford's doctrine, like Hume's which it resembles, immediately bring us. But Hume did not take seriously the demolition of reality involved in his theory that things are only real as they are felt and that feelings are "entirely loose and separate" (Treatise I, 559) while the solid framework of reality is an illusion bred of a propensity of our minds to feign connections and relations where there are none. Hume tells us that he regarded his own speculations as "philosophical melancholy and delirium," as "clouds to be dispelled" (Treatise I, 501). He writes "I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends ; and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strained, and ridiculous, that I cannot find it in my heart to enter into them any further." But Clifford, like Huxley, took Hume *au grand sérieux*, forgetting that feeling as such does not reveal an object at all. There is a passage in a letter of Clifford's written to Professor Pollock in September, 1874, à propos of Green's introduction to Hume, which evinces pretty clearly that Clifford did not discern the true drift of Hume's speculations in the way Hume did himself. "I hope," he writes, "you have seen

Sidgewick's remarks on the introduction ; he points out that to prove Hume insufficient is not to do much at the present day. . . . Green, for instance, points out that Hume has no complete theory of the object ;—to find fault with Hume for the omission is like blaming Newton for not including Maxwell's electricity in the Principia." Here Clifford hardly writes as if he saw that his own theory of the object as e. g. an unrelated feeling is open to exactly the same criticisms as Hume's, as if he understood, what Hume had an inkling of, that, in proving the ego to be a relative thing instead of the heart and centre of reality, you dissipate the universe into nothing. There are several other features in Clifford's doctrine that call for criticism. It should for example be pointed out that the entire view that ejects are the truth of objects is in the first instance a deliverance of consciousness itself. I only transcend my individual feelings, says Clifford, so far as I infer a consciousness more or less like my own to underlie them ; and this underlying eject is the sole reality. "How this inference is justified, how consciousness can testify to the existence of anything outside of itself, I do not pretend to say ; I need not untie a knot which the world has cut for me long ago." (Vol. II, p. 73.) But if consciousness is but the property of a temporary conjunction of unconscious feelings, what value shall we attach to its assurances? They are certainly not valid except for itself ; they do not hold good for the atomic feelings of which the world ultimately consists. But my belief that the real is in the last resort an atom of feeling is simply an extension of my conviction that ejects are the truth of my feelings. Prove this conviction an illusion—and Clifford does prove it to be such, when he declares consciousness to be a relative thing—and you prove the entire theory an illusion. Thus the tail of Clifford's theory is bitten off by the head.

The hypothesis that feelings can be felt, without being felt as my feelings, is a very noteworthy one. "A feeling at the instant when it *exists*, exists *an und für sich*, and not as my feeling." This is why a Greek said *δέδορκα* in the sense of I see, because the act of perception is necessarily over, when we become conscious of it. "When," continues Clifford, "I remember the feeling as *my* feeling, there comes up not merely a faint repetition of the feeling, but in-

extricably connected with it a whole set of connections with the general stream of my consciousness." This is very truly and acutely observed but it is an admission that the unrelated feeling is no element in our experience, that in our cosmos at least there is no ὕλη whatever, but that every corner of it is illumined by the presence of a relating self. *My* consciousness never directly testifies at all to the existence of an absolute feeling. To be *my* feeling a feeling must already be brought by connections of content into the web of my experience, but what do I know of feelings which are not mine. Are not "absolute feelings" an inference based on observation of low organisms like the amœba, which we are convinced have no self and yet feel? It should be also noticed that this supposition that we are not directly but only *ex post facto* conscious of our feelings ἐξείσιν εἰς ἄπειρον. Thus Clifford writes: "This memory (of a feeling which existed *an und für sich* as *my* feeling) is, *qua* memory, relative to the past feeling, which it partially recalls; but in so far as it is itself a feeling, *it* is absolute, *Ding an sich*." That is to say, I am not directly but only *ex post facto* conscious even of what I remember. To be conscious of the content of a memory I must *remember* that I remember it. Surely this new memory in turn cannot be known *ex post facto* and so I must *remember* that I remember that I remember *et sic ad infinitum*, before I become really *conscious* of anything at all.

One other point might be raised. What is the nature and origin of the laws which govern the sequence and coexistence of feelings. We have already seen that feelings as such neither follow nor co-exist apart from a self.

"These laws are counterparts of the laws which govern physical phenomena." Clifford in writing thus conducts his speculation without prejudice to his common-sense belief in a world of necessarily and rationally related things. He does not see that with the reduction of the real to a feeling physical facts disappear and with these facts the laws to which laws of feeling shall correspond. He is evidently confusing the laws of feeling with the psychological laws of association which depend upon the environment of the individual's senses by a world already real. He does not see that the problem

he really imposes on himself is this : starting from no world at all to arrive at one, or starting from the world as it may be supposed to picture itself in the feelings of an amœba to arrive at it as it exists for the human intelligence. We must not concede to Clifford any more than to Hume this postulate of a real cosmical order which shall give the cue to feelings when and how to follow and coexist. Huxley only allows it to Hume, because not having passed the threshold of Idealistic philosophy he cannot divest himself of it. If, however, this postulate be denied, then the doctrine that the *esse* of things lies in their *percipi* will recommend itself to no one.

F. C. CONYBEARE.